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The Weeping Sevants

J. Morgan

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Weeping Servants

OR THE GRAND TURN OUT.

BIRT, Pinter, No. 39, Great St. Andrew Street,
Seven Dials.

We are a set of weeping servants how dreadful is
our case,
For by the wicked Tories we are all turned out of
place,
We always done our duty & we think it very hard
That we without a character should all be dis-
charged.

CHORUS.

Oh dear, we are put to the rout,
We are robb'd, we are ruin'd, we are all turned out

Cried Melbourne I think 'tis a very sad job,
And I lay all the blame on rat catching Bob,
We are done said little John completely I suppose
Bad luck to the musket and the Waterloo nose.

When to the royal palace the orders did arrive,
It filled all the ladies with wonder and surprise,
Some they did holloa, and some they did squall,
And some told her Majesty they would'nt go at all

One took the boot jack, another took the spoon,
Another took the fryingpan, another took the broom
One fell a bawling and a kicking on the floor,
And seven went and hid away behind the kitchen
door.

One lady took the dripping-pan and swore she'd
fight her way,
One said upon the premises she was resolved to stay
One was packing up her boxes so bounceable & pert
She'd got on Prince Albert's breeches & was put-
ting on his shirt.

A little buxom duchess through the hall herself
did fling, (Tories in,
Said she they've pop't out the Whigs & pop't the
We must go without a character, said she, I then
suppose, (the nose.
When up jump'd a little bug and bit her on the

One said if she went out of doors she in a diten
would die, (did cry,
While one behind the coal-hole door so bitterly
One sent to tell her Majesty and the Master of her
Horse, (at Charing Cross.
She could go and get her living selling brooms

One said she'd keep a rag shop to keep out of dis-
grace, (Grosvenor Place,
One said she'd keep a bonnet shop and live in
One said she'd have a coffee stall and banish grief
and care, (Square.
And holloa hare and rabbit-skins all over Berkeley

As a duchess through her chamber so carelessly
did strav, (did say,
She met Prince Albert & the Queen & unto them
We are discharged without a reason, when Victoria
said, my dear, (here.
We really cannot help it for the Tories have been

Said Albert to a duchess we must mind what we
are about, (us out,
Or else by gar I am afraid dey come and turn us
De Tories is de devils when dey do begin you know
If I had dem all in Jarmany I'd drown dem in de
snow.

You would laugh to see the ladies bewailing their
sad fate, (palace gate
And casting such a wishful eye at Buckingham
They seemed in such a hurry as the palace they
went through,
Some went without their bonnets and some forgot
their shoes.

Sad was the scene at parting, their eyes was drench'd
in tears
With their bundles & their boxes broken hearted
they did steer,
Crying curse the Tory ladies they have put us to
the rout,
Farewell your gracious Majesty pray mind what
your about.

J. MORGAN.